NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Modern Gardening. By GEORGE WIL-LIAM JOHNSON, Eeq., Fellow of the Horricultural Society of India; Corresponding member of the Royal Caledonian and Maryland Horticultural Societies; author of 'The Principles of Practical Gardening,' 'The Gardener's Almanac,' &c. With 180 wood cuts. Edited, with numerous additions, by DAVID LANDRETH, of Philadelphia: Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1847." 12 mo. pp. 635, double columns. Received from Mr. Frank Taylor.

This is a book simply of utility, and affecting very little any other merit of authorship or originality. Confined mainly to the garden proper—the culture of esculents and flowers it does not more than touch the ornamental art of Landscape Gardening-a thing, we believe, hardly yet attempted among us, and, indeed, almost confined to Great Britain and the Chinese; the former of which countries owes it to Pope. Where the latter insipid and uninventive country got an art so beautiful and creative it is difficult to conceive. Mr. Johnson acknowledges his sources; and these, for the information of readers who know that one book, however good, cannot supply the place of all others, we will name : the "Gardeners' Chronicle," Paxton's "Botanical Dictionary," Whateley's "Landscape Gardening," Glenny's "Practical Gardener and Florist," Maund's "Botanic Garden," Lindley's Theory of Horticulture," "The United Gardener and Land Steward's Journal," Cuthbert Johnson "On Fertilizers," Idem's "Farmer's Encyclopædia," Loudon's "Gardeners Encyclopædia," Idem's "Gardener's Magazine," Johnson's " Principles of Gardening," Abercrombie's "Gardeners' Dic tionary," Johnson's "Gardeners' Almanac," "Transactions of the London Horticultural Society," "Caledonian Horticultural Transactions," "Horticultural Magazine," Decandolle's "Philosophy of Plants." As a list of the books which a skilful writer on practical gardening has had need to consult or follow, we take it for granted that this brief catalogue will be serviceable to such of our happier readers as Fortune has crowned with that best of her gifts which Milton describes-Retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.

We must not, however, before we leave what regards the authorship and execution of the book, forget to mention that this American edition owes much to the revision and adaptation bestowed upon it by Mr. Landreth, probably one of the best horticulturists in the country. He has, with great judgment and pains, excluded all that, in the original work, was needful only for a British climate, and added what was requisite for the differences of our own.

We might here leave the book and the subject : but, apart from that regular history of the art of Gardening which may be found amply treated by Loudon, in the introductory part of his Encyclopædia already mentioned, there occur to our recollection very pleasing illustrations of the matter, which are found in the Poets, or casually occur in the early civil historians. To glance at some of these may prove not displeasing to our readers.

It is probably to the efforts of the Poets to embellish their descriptions of Rural Life that we owe the rise of this, as of all other ornamental arts. Constantly intent on adorning their verse with more than Nature or Practice yet offered, they created by their conceptions imitation, and the arts grew to what they painted. Thus the sculpture of Phidias acknowledged that it rose out of Homer's ideas of the Gods: his architectural descriptions were, no doubt, in like manner, the first suggestion of a stateliness and grace not then attained and the Drama of the Greeks was clearly little but a reduction into regular dialogue of the animated action of his epopee.

The Greek garden of Homer's time cannot well be sup posed to have been any thing beyond that sort of nursery for fruits and for kitchen stuff, in the care of which he makes the good old ex-King of Ithaca, Laertes-an earlier and better Dioclesian-pass the late evening of his days. The picture is in the last book of the Odyssey, and bespeaks, in all its parts, that reality, that conformity to the actual of his time. which was, in this particular case, the business of the poet and as, now-a-days, of the many who keep by them Dickens and Eugene Sue, or Motherwell and Tennyson, and Tupper, there are but few who deign to have a Pope's Homer on their relves, we may as well cite the passage, as from an obscure authority. For verily that day hath arrived which the witty critic once foretold ironically-little dreaming of a literary era to come like the present-when he said to some nonsense builder of verse or prose that had submitted his works to his judgment, "Sir, your productions will, I have not a doubt, be read when Homer, Virgil, and Milton shall be forgotten; ' but not till then." Homer & Co. are forgotten : so, as we have said, we must quote; and, first of all, from the Odyssey, book xxiv :

From the town Ulysses and his band Passed to Lacrtes' cultivated land.

The ground himself had purchased with his pain, And labor made the rugged soil a plain There stood his mansion, of the rural sort, Where the few servants, that divide his care, Took their laborious rest and humble fare, And one Sicilian matron, old and sage, With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Arriving incog., and careful not to overwhelm his infirm father with the surprise of his unhoped return, Ulysses goes unattended to seek him :

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield : The house they enter, and he seeks the field, Through rows of shade with various fruitage crown And labored scenes of richest verdure round Nor aged Dolius nor his sons were there, Ner servants, absent on another care; To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn, Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn-

Thus we see that hedges were already come into use : and the King himself is found in the act of pruning his fruit-trees and vines-a process, by the by, which, as to the grape, the Greeks appear, from their mythology, to have borrowed from the Ass; and hence that animal enjoyed the honor of always bearing on his back the ever-tipsy Silenus, Bacchus's tutor, and surely his master in the management of the Vine, not in the art of ebriety; for that is a science that needs no tutor.

But all alone the heary King he found, His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around; His head, that bowed with many a pensive care, Fenced with a double cap of goat-skin hair His buskins old, in former service torn, But well repaired; and gloves against the thorn In this array the Kingly gardener stood, And cleared a plant, encumbered with its wood.

The cautious son, fearful of making himself too suddenly known, approaches him as a stranger, and accosts as fo lowe

(Who, digging round the plant, still hangs his head, Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said :) Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil; Thy careful hand is stamped on all the soil. Thy squadron vineyards well thy art declare, olive green, blue fig, and pendant par ; And not one empty spot escapes thy care. On every plant and tree thy cares are shown, Nothing neglected but thyself alone.

At last, the son reveals himself; and when the tather doubts be gives him, among other tokens, the following horricultural ones, which indicate what were then the utmost objects of garden cultivation :

Yet by another sign thy offspring know-The several trees you gave me long ago.
While, yet a child, these fields I loved to trace, And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace. To every plant in order as we came, Well-pleased you told its nature and its name, Whate'er my childish fancy asked, bestowed, Twelve pear-trees bowing with their bending load, And ten, that red with blushing apples glowed; Full fifty purple figs ; and many a Of various vines that then began to blow, A future vintage! when the Hours produ Their latent buds and Sol exelts the juice.

granate, (which he places in the garden of Alcinous,) the gination.

the like are unpoetic things, to the mention of which the epic dignity cannot descend.

But in the royal garden of Alcinous-sovereign of some one of those kingdoms in the air which the Muses have in their gift : Pheacia and Scheria, Homer cells it ; the moderns (Dr. Charles Anthon included) pretend to say that it was the isle of Corcyra, alias Corfu: but, really they can tell nothing about it, and might just as well emply their learned pains in settling the latitude and longitude of Blefuscu, the hydrography of Sancho's island-kingdom, or the meridian of the romontory of Noses-in King Alcirous's garden, however, we say, the poet can give a loose : mbody has ever seen it; nobody ever will; it is without the calm of probability, so that the bard may plant it as be wills, lavish on it what gifts follows of clime, what delights, what embellshments, what creations of Nature or of Art it likes him to bestow, and ascend the topmost heaven of his own horticultural invention. Accordingly, here is the description; and, except for the narrower limits of just four acres, it is quite a work of Le Notre, a Versailles antedated by some tweny eight centuries. The botanical range is still, of course, small; he can name no more plants than the Greeks then krew : but he makes himself amends by giving them a perpetual bloom, an endless fruitage, which looks almost as if ie meant that the Pheacianshad hot-houses :

Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits ; There stops, and, anxious, with his soul debates, Fixed in amaze before the roya gates. The front appeared with radian splendor gay, Bright as the lamp of night or orb of day. The walls were massy brass ; be cornice high Blue metals crowned, in colors of the sky : Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase, The pillars silver, on a brazen base : Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er, And gold the ringlets that command the door. Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand, In sculptured gold and labored silver stand. These Vulcan formed with art divine, to wait Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate : Alive each animated frame appears, And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were raised,
Where various carpets with embroidery blazed, The work of matrons : these the princes prest Day following day, a long-continued feast. Refulgent pedestals the walls surround, Which boys of gold with flaming torches crowned The polished ore, reflecting every ray, Blazed on the banquets with a double day.

Such is the fairy splendor and wealth which the imagina tion of the poet calls up around Alcinous, in the decorations, interior and exterior, of his palace; a luxury and an art which Egypt and far Assyria-then known, as to their barbaric pomp, to Homer only by report—can only have approached. He next describes the personnel (our readers must pardon us lace; and this the bard-forgetting that he is presently to name of Fairfax, republican yet lordly: send the Princess to wash her own clothes-makes equally grand :

Full fifty handmaids form the household train; Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain; Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move Like poplar leaves when zephyr stirs the grove. But we pass the rest, to arrive at the wonders of a garder such as may then have existed in the famous hanging hor ticulture of Babylon, but probably nowhere else :

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies, From storms defended and inclement skies: Four acres was th' allotted space of ground, Fenced with a green enclosure all around. Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould The red'ning apple ripens here to gold; Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows : With deeper red the full pomegranate glows; The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear And verdant olives flourish all the year. The balmy spirit of the western gale Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail : Each dropping pear a following pear supplies On apples apples, figs on figs arise : The same mild season gives the blooms to blow, The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear, With all th' united labors of the year : Some to unload the fertile branches run ; Some dry the black ning clusters in the sun; Others to tread the liquid harvest join; The groaning presses foam with floods of wine. Here are the vines in early flower descried, Here grapes discolored on the sunny side. ere in autumn's richest purple dyed. Beds of all various herbs, forever green Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crowned ; This through the gardens leads its its streams around, While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,

Here, now, is, in distinct description, the whole art of the French garden of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and of its original, the Italian system of the day of Tasso's dukes of Ferrara. Nothing is wanting but a menagerie of bears and tigers, elephants and camel-leopards, in clipped yew; a zoology done in holly, with the tails of the animals to the life in ivy sculptured heroes and saints (as the Black Prince and Sain George of England) in the evergreen renown of tonsile cypress with an unfinished tower of Babel in larch, great poets in green bays and laurel a little seedy, true lovers' knots in box, grave lord chancellors in fir if not in ermine, and an Elizabeth or other maiden queen, with her virginity somewhat overshot in privet. These, it is true, were probable inventions reserved for nodern art, and which the genius of Homer did not reach : but nearly every thing else in artificial gardening he has-all that could delight the eye, smell, taste; walks and shades and fruits and fountains; the splendors of architecture, beds of perpetual plants; and beyond (for the vineyard must be supposed no part of the garden proper, the four acres) vines ever hanging with grapes, and presses that flow perennial wines, an cessant vintage of Cyprus, Chian, and every other juice that was by-and-by to "make Anacreon's song divine." Versailles and Marly, the utmost that Le Notre could do on a larger scale, are there, except that vegetable sculpture, the verdant monsters that we have already mentioned, and certain other equally preposterous statues-frostbit looking must catch the croup-such as figure along alleys or spirt the

To various use their various streams they bring

And one supplies the People, one the King.

horticulture which he brought to be exploded: Lo, what hoge heaps of littleness around ! whole a labored quarry above ground Two Cupids squirt before: a take behind Improves the keenness of the northern wind The gardens next your admiration call : On all sides where you look, behold the wall ! No pleasing intricacies intervene, No artful wildness, to perplex the scene; Grove nods at grove, each alley has his brother, And half the parterre just reflects the other. The suffering eye inverted Nature sees, Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees, With here a fountain never to be played, And there a summer house that knows no shade Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers; There gladiators fight or die in flowers ;

Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn, And swallows roost in Nilus' empty urn. So much for the origin and degeneracy of merely decora tive and artificial, as distinguished from imitative or landscape gardening. It was, as we have shown, a poet, and not a gardener, who from the duil orchard first lifted it to the wellarrayed alley bordered and bowered with variegated fruittrees; from the straggling patch to the elegant parterre; it was, of course, a poet alone who taught how the tame ditch that crept along to water each root might sparkle up a fountain, and showed how potherbs might mix with flowers. The art, in short, may be, as to that form of it of which we are now treating, historically defined to be a thing which a poet created and which the gardeners spoiled. But this is not all that we propose to prove : we shall now proceed to show that it is to the conception of the poets that we owe the rise of This, it is plain, is but a sort of market garden of fruits Landscape Gardening, no less than of her elder sisters, the and vegetables, for the supply of the neighboring palace and homely but nice rural culture that gives with vegetables, flowtown. The fruits are the grape, the fig, the pear, the apple, ors, and fruits a spot of beauty to the farm, and the costlier and the clive only -all indigenous to that region, which then art that decorates with mixed nature and wealth the groundpossessed, probably, no others. Nor, indeed, does Homer of the palace or the villa. And here again we must turn appear to have known any further ones, except the pome- back to Homer, the great original of all the arts of the inns-

English to transfer to the soil and embody into the new art of (as it may be said) painting delightful pictures with the actual materials of Nature, and in her purest style, out of lawn and every hue, skilful intricacies and well-disposed contrasts, wildness mixed with cultivation, an artful neglect with regularity, the harmonies of light, shade, and all the colors of Nature's pencil. Of a view so managed, Homer's description (V. Odyssey) of Calypso's isle is the first example less elaborately beautiful than Tasso's gardens of Amida still less elysian than Milton's Eden: but as perfect as the simpler beginnings of art can be expected to be. It is as

Large was the grot in which the nymph he found, (The fair-haired nymph, with every beauty crowned;) She sate and sang; the rocks resound her lays: The cave was brightened with a rising blaze; Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile, Fiamed on the hearth and wide perfumed the isle; While she with work and song the time divides, And through the loom the golden shuttle guides. Without the grot, a various sylvan scene Appeared around, and groves of living green; Appeared and alders ever-quivering played, And nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade, On whose high branches, waving with the storm, The birds of broadest wing their mansion form, The chough, the sea-mew, and loquacious crow, And scream aloft or skim the deep below. Depending vines the shelving cavern screen. With purple clusters blushing through the green. Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil, And every fountain pours a several rill, In mazy windings wandering down the hill, S Where bloomy meads with vivid green were crowned, And glowing violets flung their odors round— A scene, where if a god should cast his sight, A god might gaze and wander with delight.

We need hardly remind our readers that we have here the original from which Fenelon-but little amplifying every hint-takes his description of the same scene; a scene, there fore, well known to each young assassin or murderess of French that has ever sputtered forth "La grotte de la déesse étoit située sur le penchant d'une colline :" the young ladies, the while, at that last phrase, wondering much that a hill should. like their own conscious bosoms, have a penchant.

Passing by, for the present, Virgil's garden of the old Cory ian-which is a mere garden-we will place next Tasso's copy of Homer's isle : for, that Homer's is the source, witness not merely the resemblances of description, (made up of both Homer's gardens,) but the like possessors and prisoners, Calypso and Armida, Ulysses and Tancred. There are beauties, and especially of expression and sound, in Tasso, which dis appear in the translations; but still we must give somebody's version; so we will e'en take old Fairfax's, partly because the French word; it has no English equivalent) of the pa- we like it better than Wiffen, and partly that we honor the

> But having passed all that frozen ground And overgone that winter sharp and keen, 'A warm, mild, pleasant, gentle sky they found, That overspread a large and ample green.
>
> The winds breathed spikenard, myrrh, and balm around The blasts there firm, unchanged, steady been, Nor, as elsewhere, the winds now rise, now fall. And Phœbus there aye shines nor sets at all.

Not, as elsewhere, now sunshine bright, now showers, w heat, now cold, there interchanged were; But everlasting spring mild heaven down pours, In which nor rain, nor storm, nor clouds appear, Nursing to fields their grass, to grass his fl-To flowers their smell, to trees the leaves they bear. There by a lake a stately palace stands, ns, seas and land

The passage hard against that mountain steep These travellers had faint and weary made,
That through those grassy plairs they slowly creep;
They walked and rested oft, they went, they stayed; When from the rocks, that seemed with joy to weep, Before their feet a dropping crystal played, Enticing them to drink, and on the flowers

All which, united, in the springing grass Eat forth a channel through the tender green And underneath eternal shade did pass With murmur shrill, cold, pure, and scantly seen, Yet so transparent that perceived was The bottom rich, and sands of golden sheen While on the brim the silken grass sloft Proffered them seats, sweet, easy, fresh, and soft.

[Jerusalem Delivered, end of Canto XV.

When they had passed o'er all those devious ways, The garden sweet spread forth her green, to sho The moving crystal from the fount that plays, Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs, and flow Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phorbus' view; Groves, arbors, mossy caves, at once And (that which beauty most, most wonder brought) Nowhere appeared the art by which all this was wrought.

So with the rude the polished mingled was, That all seemed natural, and in each part Nature did seem her counterfeit to pas And imitate her imitator, art. Mild was the air, the skies as clear as glass; The trees no whirlwind felt, no tempest's smart; But ere their fruit drops off, the blossom comes, This springs, that falls, that ripens while this blooms

The leaves upon the self-same bough did hide Beside the young, the old, and ripened fig: Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side; The apple new and old grew on one twig: The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide That bended underneath their clusters big ; The grapes were tender here, hard, young, and sour, There purple, ripe, and nectar forth did pour.

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade, Sang merry notes on every branch and bough ; The wind that in the leaves and waters played With murmur sweet now sang, and blustered now If ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made, And while they sang, it rustled soft and low : Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art, The wind in that strange music ever bore his part.

[Jerusalem Delivered, Canto XVI.

This is certainly a delicious composition of landscape gardening. But, though beautiful as a piece of art, it yet fails in the great point in which the next description which we nymphs, shivering Venuses, and Cupids that seem as if they shall cite exceeds all others : it fails, in comparison we mean, to call up in the mind that living image of each thing dewaters, in Pope's lively description of the wonders of that scribed, that picture-like distinctness of the scene, which Milton has given to the still richer beauties, ideal yet visible, of his earthly paradise. Observe, for instance, its first exterior view, as it appears to Satan, in his approach

> So on he fares, and to the border comes Of Eden, where delicious Paradise, Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green, As with a tural mound, the champain head Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides, With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild, Access denied : and overhead up grew Insuperable height of loftiest shade, Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm, A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend, Shade above shade, a woody theatre Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung ; Which to our general sire gave prospect large Into his nether empire neighboring round. And higher than that wall a circling row Of goodliest trees laden with fairest fruits, seems and fruits at once of golden hue. Appeared, with gay enamelled colors mixt n which the sun more glad impressed his beam When God hath showered the earth : so lovely That landscape : and of pure, now purer air Meets his approach and to the heart inspires Vernal delight and joy, able to chase All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales, Fanning their odoriterous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past Sabean odors from the spicy vales Of Araby the blest; with such delay Well pleased they stack their course, and many a leag Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: So entertained the ose odorous sweets the fiend, Who came their bane,

What a garden-wall is here! an enclosure which Pope imself would not (as in his verses already cited) have had shun the eye. How beyond hedge or fence! How original! shun the eye. How beyond hedge or fence! How original of a tree, he was sleeping. They aroused him; he ran, and yet how fit, how proper to the place! no human liwas fired upon, two balls taking effect, and producing death. and the Indian fig, which he mentions as growing at Troy. placed their Calypsos and Armidas, or in the picture of Eden mit, but the majestic boundary set by God himself. How adhe is represented as having been a desperate man, and fond struggle was an interpreting of man, that the artist-fancy of the mirable, too, the illustration that heightens, by the similitude of violence."

left unnamed—perhaps because onions, garlick, cabbage, and great bards first drew those scenes of a perfectly-composed of the far-sailing mariner who smells not merely the land but landscape, which the taste of another great poet taught the the aromatic breath of an Arabian shore, the depicted sensa tion of the odors that are wafted abroad from that delicion valley! Nothing can be nobler, nothing more soothing to the senses, or better prepare us for the delights which the wood, rock, waters, grouped trees, vistas, thickets, foliage of fiend, when he has overleaped these vain bounds against evil, presently witnesses within.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views To all delight of human sense exposed, In narrow room Nature's whole wealth—yea, more, Of God the garden was, by him in the east Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line From Auran eastward to the royal towers Of great Selucia, built by Grecian Kings, where the sons of Eden long before Dwelt in Telassar; in this pleasant soil His far more pleasant garden God ordained; Out of the firtile ground he caused to grow All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste : And all amid them stood the tree of life, High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit Of vegetable gold : and, next to life, Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by, Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.

We pass the passage that tells of the river which, piercin its way beneath the mount, waters Eden. There are else where in the description waters enough for all that part of picturesque effect; and our extract is already frightening us with its length. That river waters famous realms, of which he chooses not to speak :

But rather to tell how, if art could tell, How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks, Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold, With many error under pendant shades Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain, The open field, and where the unpierced shade inbrowned the noontide bowers. A happy rural seat, of various view : roves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind, Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, If true, here only, and of delicious taste Betwixt them, lavns, or level downs, and flocks Grazing the tenderherb, were interposed, Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap Of some irriguous valley spread her store, Flowers of all hue, and without thorns the rose Another side, umbrageous grots and caves Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fa Down the slope hill, disperst, or in a lake That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams

Here is every thing that can enchant in prospect by stillless or with motion, and charm the wider senses; an endless variety, wild and yet orderly. Further to animate the scene, sounds vet sweeter of woodland music are now brought in the varied harmonies of the grove, and crowned with thos classic associations which they naturally suggest, as the last finishing grace of the clysian landscape :

The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs, Breathing the snell of grove and field, attune The trembling leaves, while universal Pan, Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance, Led on the eternal spring. Not that fair field Of Enna, where Proscrpine gathering flowers, Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove Of Daphne by Orontes, or th' inspired Castalian spring, might with this paradis Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham, Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove, Hid Amalthea and her florid son Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eve Nor where Abassin Kings their issue guard, Mount Amara, though this by some supposed True Paradise under the Ethiop line By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock, A whole day's journey high, but wide remote From this Assyrian garden, &c.

We have given this latter part of the passage merely t call up to our reader's recollection the several spots always licanism, and nowhere else have republicans been as successnasterpiece of the picturesque.

produce from this great painter: nothing can, for minuter and would be, or will be, if we zealously guard our liberties, beauty, exceed the composition of Adam and Eve's rural when New York shall have quadruple her present population. odge, at verse 689 of the same book ; nor for a gaver scene | First pure, and then peaceable, is the spirit of our institutions can any thing surpass the livingness of the pictures in the and if we keep them pure, pure in the hearts of the people Allegro and Penseroso, every line in which is often the dis- pure in a just system of franchise, they will endure for ever. tinctest image of a charming scene. But we have adduced Abroad, it is the bayonet which sustains the ballot box, where abundantly enough to show that if Pope first taught the prac- they have one. At home, the popular sense of right is its ate descriptions offered the models of the art and brought about | deplore it, often abuses of our system of free government; but its creation.

the Inductive Method of Philosophy has likewise a claim to there is no infusion of popular right. We repeat, then, the this invention. Yet it seems to us impossible to read his spectacle is a sublime one, and full of moral instruction, when "Essay on Gardening" (Bacon's Essays, XLVII.) without a great nation like this, upon the same day, and the same perceiving that his ideas have searcely a trait of the thing in hours of the day, meet upon a common platform, and, in good them, and that his general conception is of something entirely temper, voluntarily make choice of their rulers.

We had proposed to cite from Virgil (IV Georgic, v. 165, Dryden's Translation) and from Pliny the Younger's Enis tles, the exactest descriptions which survive of the Roman gardens, useful and ornamental: but why should we write more, when we have possibly already written more than will be read? If there be any body not yet satiste with the subject, let him turn to Mason's " English Garden," and Delille's "Jardins" in verse, or to Repton and Downing in prose.

FRANKLIN'S RESTING PLACE.

" Such was his worth, his loss was such We cannot love too well, or grieve too much. In the corner of the burying ground, best known as Christ Church vard, Philadelphia, repose the remains of the philosopher Franklis. On entering the yard from Arch street attention will unavoidably be directed to his humble tomb by dab, which bears the simple inscription, which will at once strike the beholder with wonder, viz: "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin." With wonder, I say, because we are accustomed to see the stones covering the tenements of great men nscribed with eulogiums; but the one we are now beholding has nothing but the words above queted, and the year in which

And this is the grave of a man who might once have been een, a runaway boy, in the streets of Philadelphia, seeking employment as a printer; and again, as editor and proprietor of the United States Gazette, long so ably conducted by Mr. Chandler. Once trying experiments with a simple paper kite; again, astonishing the world with the discoveries made through its instrumentality. Once in England as a deceived journeyman printer; again, as minister from an independent and every way worthy such a result. Let us be prudent. Once in his workshop as a laboring mecha again, in the halls of legislation, advocating the cause of free dom, and u ging an oppressed people to rise and drive the British lion from our forests. Yes, he was one of those who signed away their fives, fortunes, and honors, if necessary, the welfare of their fellow-citizens. But all this could no save him from the hand of death. Though the philosopher and the statesman must lie as low as the less favored, yet the circumstances connected with the lives of those whose motte was "non sibi sed patirx," possess charms which all can appreciate and all love to cherish. We read his name on the marble slab-ponder over his virtues, and mourn his loss, as of a dear friend. We stand around his grave, and think how many have gazed with reverence upon that stone, and our eyes become fixed upon it as though it possessed an endearing We look back upon his life and deeds, and when we remember that a nation wept when Franklin died, we cannot efrain from dropping a tear over his last abode.

No towering monument rears its head above the cloud-where the first beams of the rising sun will gild his name: but that name is inscribed in characters not easily to be erased on every liberty-loving heart, and so long as philosophy continues to be a science, benevolence a virtue, and liberty the watchword of the American people, will his memory be che rished and his name be honored.—Baptist Record.

ANOTHER ACT OF THE ARKANSAS TRACEDY .- A few days ago we gave an account (copied from the Batesville Engle) of a dreadful affray which recently took place at Yellville, Marion county, (Ark.) in which there men were killed and several severely wounded. A mea named Sinclair was a promi nent actor in the dreadful tragedy, and killed one Simeon Everett. We learn from the Batesville Eagle of the 24th ultimo that Sinclair was killed a few days ago in Searcy coun ty. The Eagle says: "A party were in pursuit of him, and came on his horse tied in the woods, and not far off, in the top

SPIRIT OF THE WHIG PRESS.

March next.

An admirable spectacle, indeed! A revolution has been have found them the instruments of their ruin. "Pan is accomplished in a single day, without violence, without commotion, without any marked interruption of the ordinary business of life. A new epoch arises in the history of the republic of the ancient heathen mythology. With Locofocoisms not signalized by battles and the convulsive struggles of life perishes its associated evils, never more, we trust, to be resusand death, but called into being by the still sealed or even remembered, except with indignation. and death, but called into being by the still small voice in citated or even remembered, except with indignation. which the sovereignty of reason, and of justice, and of right speaks its behests. The restoration of conservative influences which their hearts must swell with a proud emotion. In this course of our Government now and for all coming time.

The peculiar circumstances under which Gen. TAYLOR election has occurred, as well as the personal character of the man, impart to the event an especial interest, and furnish th basis of the most happy auguries. The triumph of a party with all the prejudices and exclusiveness of party, its proscriptive rigors, its vindictiveness of retaliation, might have caused exultation among the victors : but it would have lacket that feeling of general satisfaction, that sentiment of calm con fidence, which now follow from the quiet ascendency of cor stitutional conservatism in the person of a man who has serve his country always, a party never, and who goes into the Presidency now untrammelled by any obligations save thou " which the constitution and the high interests of the nation at large most seriously and solemnly demand."

The administration of Gen. TAYLOR, leaning upon the whole people for support, and resting its claims to confidence in the nationality and wisdom of its measures, may La av. pected to promote the prosperity of the country in the highest degree, and to exalt the name of the republic among the na- TAYLOR, or the triumph of his party, as for the prestrations of tions of the world.

From our distant point of observation we can contemplate the course of events in Europe, and take some the troth to the Old World by demonstrating in our own experience the world that internal harmony and perfect security, the supremacy of law, the preservation of peace, with a rapid and constant increase in population and national and individual wealth, are not only compatible with the existence of a republican government, but that they are its most natural results. While hrones totter and fall, the institutions of his free land become more and more firm. A government of byonets is prostrated at a blow, and a revolution is accomplished by force; but the ilence, and in all its changes knows but one sovereignty.

FROM THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

THE MORAL OF THE ELECTION .- The day of election has passed, and in this city, where in immense vote has been polled, with great quiet. From sunrise to sunset there was a constant stream of voters moving towards the polls, and, with but few exceptions, all was orderly and respectful. Occasionally, but less frequently than in almost any election we have passed through, there were some slight disturbances, but a vigilant police, and, what was The spectacle of so many thousands exercising a common meeting on common ground, defending opposite opinions, making inroads upon old parties, is a most impressive illustrawhile they prove the goodness of the thing abused, they also ged a pit and have fallen therein ! Certainly, it has been pretended that the great author of serve to illustrate what a tyranny a Government is where

PROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER.

THE SECOND RESURE. - The men who committed the in famous Tariff fraud of 1844 have now been rebuked a second through the ballot-boxes, and in language not to be misunderstood. The office-holders have been taught a lesson. We trust that the effect will be salutary. The people have spo- out of office. ken out in their might. The rights of labor have been vin-

The triumph is greater, broader, higher than any growing out of a mere party struggle. It in the first place exhibits profound, heartfelt gratitude to a chivalric hero, and yet a lover of peace. It in the second place proves that the people of Pennsylvania cannot be insulted, outraged, and defrauded with impunity. In the third place, it vindicates the glorious principle of the tariff of '42. In the fourth place, it proves that the masses are still the sovereigns in this land; that they possess the power, and, when so disposed, they can make themselves heard in thunder tones through the ballot-boxes. The victory commenced so auspiciously in October, and consummated so gloriously on the first Tuesday of November, is truly and emphatically a triumph of the people-the merchants. the manufacturers, the mechanics, the operatives, and the daylaborers of this great confederacy. It is a triumph of industry over idleness, of honesty over fraud; and it is therefore that we rejoice. But while we do so, while we mingle in the shout, respond to the cheer, and reciprocate the congratula tion, let us prove ourselves genuine republicans and patriots, discreet, and magnanimous. Let us pursue the course best calculated to unite and harmonize the men who have been working with us shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart; who, having participated with us in the struggle, deserve also to share in the thanks and the honors.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

THE VICTORY .- While France, Prussia, Austra, nay, while all Europe, after eight months of blood and suffering, is still in the travail of political convulsion, we find that Ame rica has gone through a revolution quite as important, and in volving interests as momentous, in a single day-a short autumnal day-and all without a gun fired, a sword drawn from its sheath, a single drop of human blood shed in the strife of civil war. No wild passions, no running suddenly o arms, E-stern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. no building of barr cades and pouring of death volleys in the streets, were necessary towards this revolution, which was sublimely effected in and according to legal fixed form, by the calm will of the people, who, upon this day, as was their right and duty, performed the sovereign function of governing the country.

In the whirl of a success as astonishing as it is glorious, is rather easier to feel than to describe the consequences of our American revolution-but they are mighty ones if we consider the circumstances of the times and the character of the great political party which has been overthrown, we may believe that nearly every thing of value in the republic was at stake, and that every thing, therefore, was saved and won. Perhaps we ought to consider as one great result, involving immense good to the country, the destruction of Loco occism, with all its fierce and alarming principles, presenting so many growing dangers. As between the two great parties the struggle was an interpretine, a mortal one, only capable of received for sale by

minating in the dissolution of the defeated party. The cofoco party is shattered to atoms, so clearly and unraisably destroyed by its own principles, that it never can be vived again with them: to live again at all it must shake ELECTION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.—The returns from various parts of the Union already received leave no doubt of ad such a change were of itself annihilation. Will any the election of ZACHARY TAYLOR to the Presidency of the arty ever again, in the United States, dare profess to be a United States for the term of four years from the fourth of ce-trade party : a war and annexation party ; a slavery exension party; a party of the one-man power as against the This result has been effected by one of the most intelligent, lower of Congress and the People? The election of 1848 well-considered, and patriotic votes ever cast by the people of as written the doom of those political insanities, which none will be so anxious to bury out of sight as the politicians when

in the political affairs of the country, at this juncture, mus election Pennsylvania has spoken at last, and spoken like a have a decided and controlling effect upon the character and sovereign State. She has spoken with her own voice, and asserted her own interest, her own dignity, her own will. Sternly awakening from the illusions of the pseudo-democracy, she shakes off her deceivers and the idle chains with which they supposed she was secured in their bondage forever, a blind, insensate, stolid victim, incapable of feeling or resenting an injury. She has undeceived them. It was she who begun, who struck the first blow in the political revolution which consigns her wrongers and their party to the dust. It was in Pennsylvania, as we long since announced to our readers, that the battle with Locofocoism was to be fought; and it was the election of October which really decided the event of the campaign. When Pennsylvania, of her own will, arose, cast off her chains, and struck Locoforsism the first and fiercest blow, its fate was foreseen, a new spirit was infesed into other States, and the present result became inevitable.

FROM THE SAME PAPER. THE MORAL TRIUMPH .- Great as is our cause of joy and

congratulation, it is not so much for the election of General

that spirit of dangerous demagogism, of which Gen. Cass is the incarnation. On all the questions of foreign and domestic policy, which sgitated the country during the period of ourselves that we can best aid the cause of free principles in his term in the Senate, Gen. Cass adopted the most extreme course and advocated the most violent measures, in the home stability and excellence of free institutions, and showing to the of extending his popularity and promoting his prospects for the Presidency. The peace and the prosperity of the country were forgotten, or, if remembered, were wilfully sacrificed by a faction in the Senate, the burden of whose song was war, acquisition, and conquest. They forced the contest with Mexico upon us, and but for the resolution of the glorious Whigs of the Senate, they would have forced a war with England. Annexation, Oregon, and other exciting elements were seized upon as the means of rousing the national spirit government of the ballot-box achieves its own revolutions in to a temper of war; not that the honor or interest of the country might be served, but that they who stimulated it might be regarded as the only true patriots in the hour of trial and danger. The heartlessness of these leaders was seen by the people, and their fraud has been rebuked. The triumph of sound and moral principle over the arts of such men is worth more than all the many advantages that must necessarily follow the election of the republican candidate. We have crushed the head of the serpent-we have destroyed the power of names-the people have risen up in their strength, and attested their adherence to popular sovereignty, their abhorrence of "democratic" despots, and their devotion to pure better, a healthy state of public opinion, soon restored order. republican principles. Let us, in this hour of victory, profit by the lesson of experience, which our opponents have so right at the ballot box, of such a hateroge neous population bitterly learned. Let us devote ourselves to the real interests of the people. Bet us strive to recover the lost prosperity of the State, and, above all things, let us promise nothing that tion both of the simplicity and power of our institutions. Of we do not mean to perform. A great responsibility devolves this great multitude, too, where at had a common right, upon those who have achieved this great success. Our victhousands were foreign born, and these, with the thousands of native born citizens, voted for whom they willed. No showing that we have higher and better aims than the mere other country but ours can present sich an example of republascendency of one party over another. There is no more proper time for moderation and forbearance, than that in most famous for their beauty, and of which the descriptions ful as here, because nowhere else lave the people been so which the field can be surveyed with the consciousness of may have furnished to Milton the materials blended into this well fitted to enjoy the privileges which they confer. A sim- having conquered. Having battled for principles, let us adple police is all that is necessary to preserve the peace in a city here to them, and prove that, however much our opponents Lesser instances of perfect Landscape Gardening we might one-half the size of Paris and one-fourth the size of London, may forget the obligations of duty and good faith, we mean to be true to every pledge, and earnest in our purpose to restoze this Government to its original purity.

FROM THE TRENTON (N. J.) STATE GAZETTE.

THE GREAT RESULT .- Well! the Mexican war has come to an end at last. It has elected Zachany Taylon, the honest, resolute, inflexible patriot, to the office of President, and it has overwhelmed its own authors with ineffable and unexampled shame, confusion, and discomfiture. They dig-

We have never known, this country has never known, a more signal case of retributive justice. In cold blooded wickedness, utterly regardless of the lives they were about to destroy, they provoked that war for the purpose of making the Whige unpopular, and converting themselves into military heroes and idols of the people. How have they been mistaken! How has their guilty scheme returned to curse its inventors!

But for this Mexican war, the people would never have known the rare virtues, the high qualities of Zachary Taylor. time by Pennsylvania. Our PROPLE have spoken twice That war made him familiar to them, and made the country feel that just such an inflexible enemy of all wickedness as he is was needed to scourge the Polk and Cass tribe of politicians

So may it ever be ! So may an Overruling Power always direct to their own speedy destruction the iniquitous artifices and machinations of all wicked rulers !

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formation respecting the subscriber.
Letters to be addressed to the subscriber at No. 5, Bank. Chambers, Lothbury, London. PISHEY THOMPSON. London, October 20, 1848

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